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## ROMANCING.

FRANCIS BACON has said that 'no pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage-ground of truth.' We would not say there is a general disregard of this kind of pleasure, nor of the obligation of speaking the truth under a sense of duty; but obviously, when party purposes are to be served, or when some narrow kinds of selfishness or silly vanities are concerned, there is little care about being truthful, or, what comes much to the same thing—the truth is artfully suppressed to serve a particular end.

In speaking as well as writing the truth, there is doubtless an improvement—we mean in England—as compared with former times, pictured by historians and essayists. Yet, things are not what one could wish. Although the character of a habitual liar is far from being reputable, many go on telling lies and conveying false impressions all their days, without incurring serious question. They fall into the habit of telling droll or heroic stories about themselves that are no better than a romance, at which their friends laugh or pass over with a smile, though known to be falsehoods. The mind of these romancers seems to be twisted off its balance. They perhaps do not deliberately mean to lie, but, carried away by their feelings, and wishing to shew off, they plunge into a recital abounding with ingenious but ridiculous inventions. As they begin, they stick to the truth, but warming up, you see, by their impassioned glare, that they have dashed headlong into the realms of fiction.

That these romancers, to call them so, derive pleasure from their fabrications, can hardly be questioned. We have known several—seemingly a happy sort of beings. They did not do much harm by their lies, for the world had learned what was their foible, and laughed as much at as with them. 'In these arms Abercrombie died!' a middle-aged gentleman used to say, with fervid emotion, when detailing circumstances in his past life. Everybody knew he was romancing. He was

looked upon as a harmless and amusing version of Baron Munchausen.

The bad example set by some ladies, in directing their domestics to say they are 'not at home' to visitors, instead of candidly mentioning that they are at present engaged, can hardly fail to be demoralising. It accustoms servants to lie on their own behalf. Whether arising from this vicious practice, or from natural infirmity, female domestics, in particular, are occasionally found to be desperate romancers. Several occur to our remembrance. If too late in coming home at night, they would dress up the most extraordinary tissue of falsehoods to account for their detention. One excelled in lying. Her stories were really ingenious. For having been out all night, she told, with symptoms of distress, that 'on her way home in the previous evening, a messenger overtook her from her mother in the country, to say that her foster-brother had, while crossing a field, been savagely gored by a bull, and was not expected to live; that this foster-brother was a foundling; he had been discovered under the shelter of a bush, wrapped in a dark-brown shawl with a yellow border, and was a sweet infant with light-blue eyes, prettily dressed in a cambrie frock; that her mother, being a kind-hearted though poor woman, could not resist the desire to keep and suckle the child, who had grown up a dutiful son, and been a good scholar; that on being hurriedly summoned to the death-bed of this worthy young man, she had gone off in all speed to see him, but that he was dead on her arrival (shower of tears), and that her mother was inconsolable; that she waited as long as possible to assist in regard to the funeral, which was to be next Thursday at one o'clock; and that her mother trusted she would be able to be present at this last and distressing scene.' The romance was credited, compassion was excited, and a benefaction for behoof of the heart-broken foster-parent was given. It was not till some time afterwards, when the lies of this accomplished fictionist became too palpable for belief, that the story of the bull and the alleged foster-brother was found to be a falsehood from beginning to end.

This woman should (if with the ability to spell and construct sentences in decent English) have taken to romance-writing. Her inventiveness as a domestic only got her turned about her business.

Of course, we have to draw a distinction between the inventors of lies for a mischievous purpose, and the relators of professed fictions, or the utterers of jokes and humorous sallies, which are understood to have for their object a little passing amusement, or it may be the chastisement of some impropriety. Just as parables or similitudes were employed to convey instruction in an effective way regarding moral and social duties, so have the story-tellers of all ages been appreciated for bringing imagination to the support of what is characteristic in human nature. So, also, with the Improvisatori of Italy and the East, who invent incidents as they proceed in their poetical harangues, not to deceive in the quality of liars, but to 'hold up the mirror to nature,' as is visibly done in the action of the drama, to which, when conducted in a right spirit, there never can be any rational objection.

Those who meanly indulge in the fabrication of falsehoods in order to mislead, or to cover some personal delinquency, stand in an entirely different category. They are constantly presenting themselves in endless variety, from the wretched domestic who tries to deceive her mistress, to the learned disputant who unworthily maligns a successful rival in science, or to the political writer who does not scruple to invent and circulate what he knows to be untrue, with a view to help the interests of his party. Of this last variety of lying, we have unfortunately almost daily specimens, greatly to the discredit of a press which otherwise merits a eulogium for its purity. One is the more disposed to lament any such imperfection, when remembering that through a disregard of truth, and a pandering to national weaknesses, the Parisian press diverged into wholesale and systematic lying as regards the events and issues of the Franco-German war, thereby damaging the very cause which was professedly espoused. It might almost be said that France has been ruined by lies.

The most melancholy of all lies are those with which a man tries to impose upon himself. Conscience tells him he is acting wrongly and he endeavours to deny the fact by some kind of delusive subterfuge. This kind of internal lying is finely referred to in Carlyle's *Cromwell*: 'False in speech; alas, false in thought, first of all; who have never let the Fact tell its own harsh story to them; who have said always to the harsh Fact, "Thou art not that way, thou art this way!"' What an uncovering of human infirmity!

There is, we believe, a theory that a counsel, however earnest, must not give it as his own opinion that his client the defendant at the bar is innocent. That would be going too far, and possibly meet with rebuke. With this reservation, every device, as it would appear, may be employed to rebut the evidence for the prosecution, and secure an acquittal. To what extent this may be

done with a safe conscience, when there is a private knowledge that the defendant is guilty of the crime laid to his charge, is a question rather painful to consider. Doing their best professionally on the side of the weakest, one would not like to pass a severe judgment on the sayings and doings of counsel in the ordinary class of cases; but we may at anyrate avow that the latitude in which certain of our 'learned friends' sometimes indulge is so far beyond the bounds of propriety as to produce no small degree of astonishment. Recent events have materially contributed to lower 'the bar' in public estimation—a thing to be regretted.

Falsehoods to palm off essentially fraudulent commercial schemes, such as those for which Americans have gained an unenviable notoriety, too often, like base political lies for party purposes, escape with the most casual remark, as if a matter of no consequence. The disposition to treat a political lie as a thing which will just serve its turn for a day, and be not heard of the next, argues some ignorance of facts, as well as a heartless trifling with truth. The *canard*, as a political falsehood is euphemistically called, may last no more than a day or a week in the place of its birth, but its career is not then at an end. Talleyrand is said to have made the sage remark, that 'if you give a lie half an hour, you may chase it round the world.' What in his time took days and weeks, is now performed in a few minutes. A lie of some note issued in London, is next morning over the whole of North America, has reached India, Australia, and New Zealand, and who can tell the injury it may have inflicted in its world-wide excursion! The celerity which marks the progress of various kinds of lies was discovered long before the days of Talleyrand. Dr John Arbuthnot, the friend of Pope, Swift, Gay, and Prior, in his *History of John Bull* (1712), makes some smart observations regarding lies and their duration: 'As to the celerity of their motion, it is almost incredible. There are several instances of lies that have gone faster than a man can ride post. Your terrifying lie travels at a prodigious rate, above ten miles an hour. Your whispers move in a narrow vortex, but very swiftly. It is impossible to explain several phenomena in relation to the celerity of lies, without the supposition of synchronism and combination. As to the duration of lies, they are of all sorts, from hours and days to ages; there are some which, like insects, die and revive again in a different form; good artists, like people who build upon a short lease, will calculate the duration of a lie surely to answer their purpose; to last just as long, and no longer than the turn is served.'

Were we to draw up a *catalogue raisonné* of the various departments and qualities of lying, it would—if we embraced the different orders of romancers and canard circulators—be a somewhat startling production. That, however, is beyond our rôle. All we can do is to offer a useful hint. Books

have been written on the Anatomy of Sleep and the Anatomy of Drunkenness. At present, there is a peculiarly favourable opening for a work on the Anatomy of Lying, with a chapter specially devoted to ingeniously fabricated false evidence in Courts of Justice.

W. C.

## THE STORY OF BURTON'S LOAN.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.—BEGINNINGS BY GODFREY BURTON.

IN 1870, I was in difficulties. The situation was not absolutely novel in my experience, for I was not born to, nor had I achieved, the greatness which consists in always having as much money as one wants. But, as that particular crisis in my difficulties happens to be associated with certain occurrences in the life of Arthur Digby, which I am requested to narrate, I mention the fact. Arthur Digby, a young barrister of whom people are beginning to hear at present, was in 1870 working very hard in obscurity, at both law and literature, actuated by the double motive of great natural industry, and an exceedingly imprudent attachment to a remarkably beautiful girl, who, in popular phrase, 'had not a shilling.' Alice Townshend was the only daughter of a widow, a mild little lady, of a simple and unworldly way of thinking, who had consented to an engagement between the young people, which had already lasted a year. Of course, I, being a proverbially imprudent person, had preached prudence in the first instance to Arthur; equally, of course, he had paid the utmost disregard to everything I said; and when he introduced me to Alice Townshend, I was disgusted with myself for having said it, and advised him to marry her as soon as she could get her wedding-gown made. Though he laughed at me, Arthur repeated my sage counsel to his betrothed, and I believe it made her take to me at once.

In the summer of 1870, Arthur Digby began to see his way to giving Alice a home, for which he might decently ask her to exchange her mother's picturesque cottage at Dulwich; and we were all in tolerably good spirits. I was almost as free of the cottage, by this time, as Arthur himself, and as much in the confidence of Mrs Townshend, with respect to her hopes, her fears, her pride, admiration, and general feelings regarding her only and absent son. According to Mrs Townshend, this incomparable Herbert combined every physical and moral perfection; but he had unaccountably failed to qualify himself for any of the possibly distinguished careers which had been proposed to him, and was now in Paris, filling some situation, respecting which his mother's statements were anything but clear. A large and handsomely framed portrait of Herbert Townshend occupied a conspicuous position in the drawing-room of the cottage, which contained only one other object of much interest. This was a beautiful and valuable cabinet of ebony and red lacker-work, a superb specimen of the style known as 'Louis Treize,' and was a relic of former wealth long since dissipated by Herbert's ancestors. The portrait represented a young man, the effect of whose fine features was injured by a self-important and supercilious expression, but who was undeniably one of those whom women persist in admiring, to the contempt and indignation of ugly men.

Early in my acquaintance with the inmates of

the cottage, I had seen that Arthur was apt to get bored and fidgety when Mrs Townshend turned the conversation upon her son; and one night, about a week after I had made my before-mentioned successful *coup* with respect to Alice, I said to Arthur, as we were walking up to town together: 'But what about the brother, this wonderful Herbert? You know him, don't you? Odd sort of thing his being in Paris, isn't it?'

'Not in the least,' replied Arthur; 'and very lucky for him. I do know him, and he is simply a selfish, scheming, ill-tempered fellow, half-mad with vanity. His mother adores him; and Alice, though I don't think she is quite such a true believer as she pretends to be, has a notion that he is a persecuted hero. The truth about him is, he got into bad company, made a fool of himself in many ways, cost his mother a great deal more than his fair share of the little there is, was quite unfit for any profession, and was only too lucky, for his sake and theirs, to get into his present place.'

'But what is it? I cannot conceive how a young man, of whom nothing could be made here, in his own country, came to be taken into responsible and decently paid employment in France.'

'It is odd, when you put it in that light,' said Arthur; 'but he speaks French perfectly—it is about the only thing he can do, I believe; and he had a lot of foreign acquaintances here. I suppose they got him into Lecoq's. I don't know the particulars; but I don't mind telling you that I am very glad he is provided for on the French, rather than on the English side of the Channel.'

'But how is he employed? I repeated. 'How is he occupied? What is Lecoq's?'

'I don't exactly know. Mixed sort of affair, I fancy. A little stock-broking and life-insuring, and general agency, and a good deal of touting and speculating.'

'Is he the man for that kind of thing?'

'Yes; I should say so. Shallow, and showy, and specious, with a good deal of servility and cunning under his grand air. He deals in magnificent generalities in his letters. I don't pretend to understand them, and I have never seen him since he went to Paris.'

I do not remember that Herbert Townshend was again mentioned between Arthur and me, but I became very familiar with the idea of him and his ways and doings thenceforth; and in the course of the summer, when my difficulties were quite enough to occupy my mind, without France and Prussia combining to bother me, by going to war with one another, I was called upon to sympathise with the anxiety and alarm of Mrs Townshend and Alice about the incomparable Herbert.

Of course, they expected Herbert to come home, but he scoffed at the idea. How little they knew of business! He doubted as little as any Frenchman that the fortune of war would be with the eagles of France; and when the siege of Paris was talked of as a possibility, he equalled any native *blagueur* in his denunciations and denials. Among the impressions of that time, as distinguished from the knowledge which came later, I recall two, which I imparted to Arthur Digby, after a visit to the cottage. The first was, that Herbert Townshend took his time about answering his mother's letters. She never heard from him under four days from the date of his own communications. The second was, that his letters, whose contents were always imparted

to us, did not ring true. Mrs Townshend and Alice read few newspapers, and were not familiar with the style of special correspondents. But we were, and many of Herbert's fine phrases were old acquaintances of ours. Nothing but a vague distrust and inquietude came of these impressions; but I record them here, in their place and order.

The worst had come to the worst; the siege of Paris was at its sharpest point, and absolute isolation from all the rest of the world was the lot of the brightest and gayest of cities. The war-cloud dropped its sullen fringe over the cottage at Dulwich. Dismay was in the hearts of the mother and sister there; dismay which Arthur and I pitied deeply, but did not share. No special peril was likely to come to an Englishman peacefully pursuing his usual avocations, though the possibility of his pursuing them made me more anxious to know what they could be; and though Alice and her mother felt assured that Herbert would rush into the most dangerous adventures which might offer themselves, their forebodings were not infectious. No news of him reached England after the investiture of Paris. So approached the sad and heavy Christmas-tide of 1870. Arthur Digby and I were to dine on Christmas-day at the cottage, and to sleep at a little inn close by. We determined to go down to Dulwich on the preceding evening, so as to accompany the ladies to early service on Christmas morning; and with that intention we met at the Victoria Station on Saturday, Christmas eve, at 9 P.M. It was a clear, cold night; hard snow lay on the ground, and the air was keen and frosty. We had some time to wait for a train, and we walked briskly away from the station, over Eccleston Bridge, and along the outer wall of the station towards Eccleston Square. As we passed across the opening of a narrow street to the left, a street of mean houses, with a rag-shop and a livery-stable on a small scale among its illustrations, Arthur Digby stopped to look at his watch by the light of a gas-lamp. At that moment a man crossed the roadway rapidly, and struck into the little street. We saw him only for a moment, it is true, but we saw him distinctly. He was tall, slight, thin-faced, with blue eyes, fine features, drooping fair moustaches, and light hair. He wore a loose overcoat trimmed with fur, and a soft low-crowned hat with a turned-up brim. Immediately behind him came another man, a bullet-headed, strong-jawed, black-bearded man, unmistakably a foreigner, and equally unmistakably a Frenchman. The latter was smoking a thick, ill-smelling cigar. They were both lost to sight in a moment. But while that moment lasted, a vague recognition of the younger man's face came over me, and I turned to Arthur. He was staring down the little street, his watch in his hand.

'What an extraordinary likeness!' he said: 'I could have sworn that was Herbert Townshend!'

'That's it!' said I quickly. 'The picture! I thought I had seen the face somewhere.'

'Come, let us get back to the station; time's up, Burton,' added Arthur after a pause, as we turned in at the gateway by the Grosvenor Hotel. 'Don't mention our having seen any one like Herbert to either Alice or her mother. They're superstitious, God bless them! like all women who have hearts, and are worth anything: they would make sure it meant all kinds of things, ranging from his having fallen gallantly in a *sortie* under Trochu, to his

being reduced to his last rat-pie; and they would think it wicked to enjoy themselves the least bit on Christmas-day.'

We remained three days at Dulwich; and, on the whole, though the absent son and brother was not forgotten, and though we talked a great deal of the horrors and the miseries of the war, Mrs Townshend was pleased and amused. Arthur Digby and Alice of course were happy. They were considerably less selfish than any other lovers whose habits and customs I have had an opportunity of remarking, but they were inevitably more interested in their own than in any other human affairs. Several plans for the future were formed on that occasion, in which I had a friendly part assigned to me. We all came to the conclusion that everything would go well; Paris would be relieved, or would honourably capitulate; Herbert would come to London, having done indefinite wonders; and Arthur and Alice were to be married after Easter, as there was really no use in waiting until they should be richer, or rather less poor.

While the betrothed lovers were taking a walk, in the Garden of Eden, on the third day, Mrs Townshend told me of a little bit of good fortune which had befallen her. She had been advised to purchase a few shares in a copper mine some time previously, and the investment had at first turned out ill. But the friend who had counselled her had induced her to hold her shares, and trust to time and the fluctuations of the copper market. The result was favourable, and she might now sell her shares to considerable advantage.

'Sell them to-morrow, my dear madam!' I exclaimed eagerly, according to my invariable principle, founded on a deep constitutional distrust of shares and of delay.

'Not quite so soon, but very soon, I mean to sell them,' said Mrs Townshend: 'a farther rise is almost certain, and I don't want the money just yet, for I mean to apply it to furnishing Alice's house, as far as it will go. It will be only three hundred and fifty pounds in all, and that won't do much; but it depends on the scale of one's ambition, you know, and Alice's notions are modest and moderate. To be able to do even so much for her, is an unexpected blessing, for which I am deeply grateful. She will have everything I possess, at my death, for Herbert will be far removed from requiring anything it will be in my feeble power to leave him; but I am so thankful that this has come now.'

Oh, the maternal love and pride in the old lady's face, in her slightly flurried voice! And oh, the pathos in the trembling of the fingers, which she interlaced, to keep them quiet!

At this point, I am obliged to refer to myself. The subject is not interesting, and in the story of my difficulties there is nothing but the absolutely commonplace. I was in debt, much beyond my present means of payment, because I had expended money which I ought to have saved, and wasted time which I ought to have employed. Idler and spendthrift! Could anything be done? I had wakened up to the folly of my proceedings. If I could but get time, and borrow a lump sum, I should come all right: time, in which to pay the creditors who would wait, and a lump sum—not a very big lump either—to pay off those who would not, and to whom I owed comparatively and



respectively very small sums. The means to the attainment of these ends formed a frequent subject of discussion between Arthur and myself, which was invested with this additional difficulty, that if I went about raising money in any of the usual ways, and the fact should come to my uncle's ears, he would inevitably strike my name out of his will. He had never wanted money nor owed money in his life; and he regarded any one who departed from the first condition as a contemptible object, and any one who departed from the second as a deliberate felon. He prided himself upon solidity of character, and in his decisions there was no compromise to his generalisations; modification was unknown.

I was getting on pretty well in my walk, which was that of light and desultory literature, making a few pounds here, and stopping a gap with the money there; but still, things were very uncomfortable, and they became more so; and thus it happened that just at the time when all the world was occupied with the tremendous news of the completion of the German triumph by the capitulation of Paris, my stupid and insignificant difficulties so oppressed and bothered me that I did not feel able to think or care much about it. I was only feebly interested, when one dull foggy day, when the sky and the streets also seemed to be in sympathetic and inextricable trouble, Arthur Digby came to tell me that Herbert Townshend had left Paris immediately upon the city's being opened to the world again, and had arrived at the cottage. The delight of his mother and sister was naturally very great, and they kindly wished me to share it. I had been very busy of late, and I had not seen Mrs Townshend and Alice for fully a month. But I could not go to Dulwich just then; not only that; I felt I must go away from the atmosphere of worry I was in—please to remember that I acknowledge I deserved to be in it—in order to get through some profitable work which I had on hand. I explained this to Arthur, charged him with my excuses, told him where I should be to be found, by him only, for the ensuing fortnight, and left town that evening. On the following day, I received a note from Arthur:

'DEAR B.—Since I saw you, I have struck ile. Nothing less than a lady, client of a friend of mine, who wishes to lend a few hundred pounds at a fair interest. I think the thing can be done, by fully explaining matters to her, though the security would not exactly bear investigation; but I am sure it will be all right, to the figure of three hundred and fifty pounds. I have to go to the cottage to-morrow; but I shall see you next day without fail, and am not without hope I shall be able to bring you news of the arrangement. A. D.

Surprised, pleased, and expectant, I waited, in my country retreat, for Arthur's coming; but he did not come: then for a letter from him; but he did not write. Four days passed away, and he made no sign. I wrote repeatedly, without effect. When a week had elapsed, I went up to town, and to Arthur's chambers in the Temple. There I could get no news of him. My letters lay unopened on the table, among his papers; and his clerk had nothing to add to his first answer to my inquiries. Mr Digby had gone away from chambers on the day on which I had expected to see him at my retreat, carrying a small travelling

bag—he had not said where he was going, or when he should return. As I was turning away, full of indescribable apprehension, it occurred to me to ask if any ladies had called to inquire about Mr Digby. The clerk said Mrs and Miss Townshend had both been there, and seemed much concerned at Mr Digby's absence.

I went at once to Dulwich.

CONTINUED BY ALICE TOWNSHEND.

I am desired by Godfrey Burton, my Arthur's friend, to set down for him in writing, as plainly, as exactly, and as briefly as I can, the recent occurrences, so that they may serve him as data in the efforts he is making to help us in our terrible distress. I will try to obey him, and perhaps I may succeed, as he asks me for facts only: the feelings of this time, beginning in vague surprise and fear, and now verging upon stupefaction, I could not put into words.

When the dreadful suspense of the siege of Paris was over, my mother heard from my brother. His letter was brief, and merely stated that he was coming to London very soon, and might possibly arrive without further announcement. This letter had been inclosed in some business documents which he had despatched to London, and it reached us in an envelope addressed by a hand unknown to us, and bearing a district postmark. Arthur came to see us the same evening, and three days later, my brother arrived, to our great joy. I must now return to the interval between the arrival of my brother's letter and his own. My mother had requested our friend, Mr Harding, to sell for her some shares which she held in a copper mine, and to hand the money they were to produce (three hundred and fifty pounds) to Mr Digby, when he should call upon him to receive it. She had requested Arthur to call on Mr Harding at his earliest convenience, and had heard from him that he intended to do so on the following day, and that he would come to Dulwich, bringing the money with him the next evening. My mother replied to this letter by one in which she told Arthur the joyful news of Herbert's arrival earlier than we had ventured to expect him. Then Arthur wrote to me, saying that he would not come down until a day later, as even his presence might just at first be an intrusion. Thus, my brother had been two days with us before we saw Arthur. I am to record my impressions of him here, but I am not told for what reason. I obey. I thought Herbert looking very strong and healthy, notwithstanding all the suffering, danger, and privation of the siege of Paris. But he was changed in appearance and manners. I disliked his drooping moustache, and his quick, peremptory, suspicious way; and I was angry with myself for noticing these things so soon. He was very affectionate to us, but he was impatient and preoccupied; and he turned upon us quite sharply, after he had been a very short time in the house, for asking him questions about the siege, and the unfortunate people in Paris. 'For any sake, let me have a chance of forgetting it all, for the little time I shall be here,' he said, and we did not blame him. If our curiosity and interest were natural, his business was natural too. He talked a great deal of being excessively occupied; and, though he told us very few particulars, we gathered from him that much of his work was done in Paris

itself, and that it had not been suspended during the siege. At times he was very absent: his mind seemed to wander uncontrollably, and he would pace hurriedly up and down the room, or gaze idly out of the window. My mother was so enraptured at his return, so thankful for his safety, that she did not perceive anything of this, and I have no doubt she would be unable to recognise the facts I state. On the evening of the second day, Herbert was less absent, more like his former self, and then he entered seriously into our affairs, and inquired into the arrangements for my marriage with Arthur. Oh, how hard it is to write those words now! My mother told him of the unexpected piece of good fortune which would enable her to give me a little help in beginning the world; and added that it was a great consolation to her to know that he was at least comfortably provided for. It may not be necessary to the purpose of the narrative required from me, but I must record here how cordially my mother recognised Arthur's disinterestedness. 'Only for this,' she said, 'I should have had nothing to give his wife but her wedding-clothes; but, thank Heaven, I have no claims which I don't make our little income meet, and this is absolutely to spare.' Herbert said little; he did not seem as glad as I expected. To me he spoke a little slightly, said 'love-matches were senseless, wretched affairs,' and a few hurtful things of the kind; but I passed them over; he was always easily affected by the people he lived amongst, and he had taken up these notions in Paris. But, when we were separating for the night, just as I was putting up my face to kiss him, and therefore could see his face very distinctly, I said: 'You may make little of love-matches now, Herbert; but you will be of a different opinion some day, when you introduce me to your wife.' He pushed me away, impatiently saying: 'Nonsense; you don't know what you are talking about;' and his face turned violently red, which I pretended not to see. The strongest impression concerning Herbert which I have to record is, that he is in love, and on that account in trouble.

On the following day my Arthur came to us, but not accompanied, as we had hoped he would be, by Mr Burton. As soon as we were alone, he told me that he was in great perplexity and distress of mind on Mr Burton's account. He had been on the verge of completing an arrangement of much importance for Mr Burton, had led him to believe it would be satisfactorily carried out, and it had failed. He was going down to the country the next day but one, to see his friend, and he had hoped to have taken to him a sum of money which would have relieved him of troublesome embarrassments, but would now have to take to him a disappointment instead. 'There will be nothing for it but that Godfrey should keep away for the present, and let me try my luck in some other direction.'

We had much to make us happy that day; but Arthur, gentle and loving as he always was, could not throw off the effect of his disappointment; and my mother, remarking his gravity, was a little offended. She is so proud of Herbert, she is so devoted to him, that the notion that Arthur did not take sufficient pleasure in his presence, hurt her. I quickly perceived this, and whispered to Arthur that he ought to explain his low spirits to

her; she also being deeply interested in Mr Burton. He took an opportunity of doing so, when giving her an account of his visit to Mr Harding, and handing her the money he had received, which was destined to assist in the furnishing of the house he and I were so soon to inhabit.

My mother and Arthur were seated at a table in the window; I was standing behind Arthur's chair, when he handed to my mother a bundle of bank-notes, and asked her to count them. She did so—three hundred and fifty pounds.

'Put them safely away,' said he. 'No; just let me have them back a minute.' He took them from her, took out his pencil, looked about him, and picked up an envelope which lay on the floor, turned the notes over rapidly on his knee, and made a memorandum of their numbers; then put the bundle once more into my mother's hand, and the memorandum into his pocket.

'Alice shall copy that neatly into your book, by-and-bye,' he said. 'Put the notes away, ma'am.'

My mother rose, and Arthur turned to me. She went to the ebony cabinet, and opened the heavy centre door. We drew near, for the interior of the complicated and beautiful piece of furniture had an unfailling charm for us. At this moment, Herbert entered the room, and joined us, standing behind me. My mother drew out one of the satinated drawers of the central compartment, and we all bent down to look into the little *cachette* behind it, in which she placed the roll of notes. Then the drawer was replaced, a slight click was heard, and my mother shewed us how the spring played.

'There lie Alice's household gods for the present,' said she. 'We will not begin our purchases until Herbert has left us.'

'Certainly not,' said my brother.

My mother closed the door of the cabinet, and turned the carved silver key, but did not remove it. 'Will you not take the key out?' I said.

'No, my dear; there's no occasion. There's no one to suspect us of having money in the house, here; and if there were, the key, which is always there, being removed, would be the first ground for suspicion.'

That evening was not a happy one, though my brother was with us, though my Arthur was with us, and though the nearness of our marriage was in our thoughts and speech. Herbert and Arthur did not get on well together. Herbert was unaccountably irritated by certain questions which Arthur put to him concerning the nature of the business which could possibly flourish during a siege, and could require him to return to Paris during the reign, now commenced, of civil war—and cut him short, rudely, almost violently. I actually caught myself wishing once or twice that Arthur were going back to town that night, instead of sleeping at the inn, and that he would stay away while Herbert remained with us. Arthur left us earlier than usual, and I went to my room, having heard Herbert tell my mother that he should soon send her away, as he had several letters to write.

When Arthur came to breakfast, the next morning at ten, I met him with strange and unpleasant news. My brother had received some communication by the early post, which obliged him to go to London immediately. He had taken a hurried leave of us, and had gone away, giving us no clear indication of his business, and no definite promise of a speedy return. My mother was quite knocked up

and I felt an amount of apprehension which a few reasonable words from Arthur lessened. He would not listen to my suggestion that Herbert might possibly have to return to Paris in the interests of his incomprehensible business, and he exerted himself so successfully to cheer up my mother, that we were soon ready to acknowledge that we had made too much of an easily explicable accident.

When Arthur and I returned in the afternoon from a long walk, we found my mother at her writing-table, with a little pile of sovereigns beside her desk. She asked Arthur if it was too late, the day being Saturday, to get a money-order at the post-office. He replied that it was too late, whereupon she remarked that it was very annoying, as she especially wished to avoid any delay in sending five pounds to the person to whom she was then writing. Arthur suggested that she could register a letter, though she could not get a money-order.

'But,' said my mother, touching the sovereigns with her pen, 'I have not got a five-pound note.'

'Yes, you have,' said Arthur; 'there are two five-pound notes among those I brought you yesterday. Put one of them in your letter, and we will take it to the post at once.'

My mother rose, opened the cabinet, pulled out the drawer, and found the cachette empty.

We looked at one another in silence. I don't know what were our first impressions, but I said, after a minute, nervously: 'Herbert has taken the notes, for a joke, to frighten us.'

Arthur, who was deadly pale, said nothing; but my mother reminded me that there would have been no joke in Herbert's taking the notes, since only an accident had led to our knowing that they were not there; otherwise, we might have remained in ignorance of their disappearance for days, or even weeks. It was clearly a theft, and what were we to do? There was no sign that any one had entered the house from without; but, though we are 'lone women' for the most part, we habitually take few precautions, trusting rather to the fact that we have little worth stealing, than to bolts and bars. Naturally, suspicion divided itself between our two servants, both newly come to us, and of whom we knew little. One of them, the housemaid, had gone to my mother's room early on this same morning, and complaining of illness, had requested leave of absence for a few days; which had been granted; and she was to go away in the evening. All this was discussed among us hurriedly, and I remarked that Arthur continued to be deadly pale, and seemed strangely absent; but when I said so, he made me a sign with his hand, and told me to go on; he was listening to all I said, and at the same time thinking. Here I need not dwell upon my impressions, but go on to facts. It was agreed, upon Arthur's advice, that we should not appear to be aware of the loss we had sustained, but should permit Hannah to leave the house at the appointed time. Arthur was to go to London immediately, to communicate with the police, and have a detective in readiness to watch Hannah on her arrival. I undertook to see that she really left for London at the hour indicated; to inform Mr Harding of what had occurred, and to let us hear from him immediately. My mother assented to all this; she seemed bewildered. Arthur gave us these directions rapidly, and calmly, but he still had his absent look, and he was still quite pale. When he held me in his arms,

and whispered farewell words to me, I felt that he was shivering slightly, and then I remembered the trouble he was in about Mr Burton, and said: 'O Arthur, Mr Burton! You will have to see him—two painful tasks instead of one.'

'Yes, yes,' he replied; 'but I cannot do anything about it to-day; Burton must wait.'

In another minute he had left us, to sit down, in stupefied silence for some time, and then to get through the hours of waiting as best we might. I kept my mother out of sight of the servants, and they suspected nothing. In the evening, I walked to the station with Hannah, on the pretext that I expected a parcel down from town, and saw her off by the train. The night passed; the morning came, bringing a note from Arthur: 'Hannah is under surveillance, but nothing has yet been discovered. Be patient, and betray no uneasiness; all will be right. You may not hear from me for a week, but do not be troubled; I shall be attending to this matter.' Nothing could be less explanatory; but we had to bear it; we could do nothing more. I wrote to Arthur, to his chambers in the Temple, as usual; but I did not hear from him for a week: this caused me no uneasiness, though it vexed me. We had trouble upon trouble at this time. My poor mother was dreadfully knocked up by receiving a few lines from Herbert, without date or address, telling her that the urgent claims of his business obliged him to return to Paris at once, that, fortunately he had provided for such a contingency, and would be permitted to enter the city, then held by the Communists, and besieged by the Versailles troops, without difficulty or danger. This letter almost put our loss out of my mother's mind, and filled us with dread. Time passed; the week lengthened itself to ten days, and Arthur made no sign. We went to London, to his chambers; he was not there; he had not been there since he had written to me; his clerk knew nothing about him. We returned home in the utmost perplexity, and that evening Mr Burton arrived. He had heard absolutely nothing of Arthur. We broke through the injunction to secrecy which Arthur had laid upon us, and told Mr Burton what had happened. He has kept us alive, I believe, by his active sympathy. We have never heard of Arthur since; he has disappeared; no trace of him is to be found; and Mr Burton has found out that no notice was given to the police in London of the theft of my mother's money; that Arthur was not seen by any of the authorities, and that he did not call on Mr Harding. We are in despair. Hannah came quietly back in ten days, and the household affairs go on as usual. We do not know what to do about her; but, as Mr Burton says, she is under our eyes and under our hand, if she should be 'wanted,' as the police call it, for this matter.

The civil war is raging in Paris; all sorts of horrors are predicted when the regular troops shall be ready to enter the city, and the Commune be driven to desperation. Worst of all, to me, my brother has replied to my mother's letter, in which she told him of our distress, in a tone which I feel I can never forgive, by an insinuation whose absurdity only equals its baseness. He dares to suggest that Arthur took the money himself. He reminds my mother that Arthur was in trouble on that dreadful day on account of a friend to whom he had hoped to take a sum of money; and he says: 'The way out of this mystery is the common-sense



way. Digby borrowed your bank-notes, without leave, trusting to getting the means of replacing them before you would have missed them. He has not got the money to replace them, and he is keeping back until he does get it, when he will turn up, and make things pleasant with any handy lie. If this does not happen, we must only conclude that he has been robbed of the money, and murdered by the thief. Depend upon it, my dear mother, one or other of these things is true, and the main fact in either, that Digby took the money. There was no one else to take it, in fact, *except me!* After all, Digby may very pardonably have looked upon it as a harmless anticipation of a loan. The money was to be Alice's, and therefore his.' To my unspeakable misery, this letter has produced an impression unfavourable to Arthur on my mother's mind. She would gladly forgive him, to have him back; but she believes him guilty, and the result is, mutual estrangement in the midst of our common suffering. Mr Burton has not told me what he thinks, nor has he asked me for my solution of the mystery. He has asked me only for the narrative which I conclude here.

#### EMIGRATION TO NEW ZEALAND.

A SHORT time ago (September 6th), we drew attention to New Zealand as a colony to which certain classes of intending emigrants might advantageously proceed; Otago, in the southern division of the colony, being more specially referred to. The advantages distinctly pointed out were—a free passage to persons deemed eligible; certainty of employment at good wages on arrival; a pleasant and salubrious climate; and domicile in a respectable law-abiding community. We drew no comparison between New Zealand and the United States as a field for immigrants, nor do we intend to do so now, further than to say that, from all accounts, vast numbers of artisans and labourers in the chief American cities are at present thrown out of work by a severe financial collapse—a condition of things that would be painfully aggravated by any inflow of operatives from the old country.

Since specifying some of the circumstances which recommend New Zealand to favourable consideration, we have received fresh information from a friend in the colony on which every reliance may be placed. In his letter, dated from Wellington, 23d November 1873, he says: 'We are now offering free passages to all who can pass the selection. We do not want paupers or infirm people, but persons able and willing to work of all kinds are in urgent demand, especially good domestic servants. A ship, the *Helen Denny*, came in last week from London, with one hundred and thirty immigrants—a mere drop in the bucket. I went yesterday to Mount Cook Barracks to see them. They were a very tidy, respectable body. Some girls from London were among them. One, a smart little lassie, aged seventeen, had been in service since she was eleven. In her last place she got three shillings per week. Here, she was already engaged at ten shillings. The climate seemed to strike them. One also remarked: "How clean

all the people are!" This does not strike us who are used to it, but any one who knows the back slums of every big town in England and Scotland must observe a marked contrast in the appearance of the people in our colonial towns. All dress well, and the women of the very humblest rank, I think, extravagantly so. But wages being good and employment abundant, and no accumulation of a depraved idle class, squalor and poverty are not to be seen. It is undoubtedly pleasing to see the tidy smartness of the young women, married and single. People are here more simple in their habits than is the case at Melbourne. There the overplus of wealth, along with a degree of recklessness, have led to an artificial and bloated style of living. Carriages, and luxurious houses are there the rage—a result being that many get into difficulties. Here, things are taken more naturally. As regards immigration, I inclose a summary of wages offered to artisans and others from a local paper.'

From the long printed summary referred to we can only make a few extracts, as follows: 'At Wellington, married couples receive £50 to £70 per annum, and found; carpenters, 10s. to 11s. per day; blacksmiths, 10s. to 12s. per day; painters, &c. 10s. per day; attendants, £52 per annum, and found. Canterbury much the same; female servants, £20 to £30 per annum, and found. Otago, similar wages for artisans—dairy-maids, £40 to £52, and found; farm servants, £55 to £60 per annum, and found; female cooks, £45 to £50 per annum, and found; general servants, £30 to £35, and found; gardeners, 25s. per week, and found; housemaids, £20 to £25 per annum, and found; labourers, 8s. a day; miners, 10s. a day; ploughmen, £55 to £60 per annum, and found; shepherds, £55 to £65 per annum, and found.' Some information is added, to the effect that, on the arrival of two vessels at Otago with immigrants, 'all were engaged immediately. Probably another hundred men would have been hired eagerly.'

Having perfect confidence in these details, as well as in the salubrity and agreeable climate of New Zealand, we cannot hesitate to repeat our recommendations of one or other of the provinces of that colony, as peculiarly favourable for the reception of intending emigrants of the labouring class who are desirous of bettering their condition. In our former article on the subject, it was stated that 'applications in all cases should be made to the agents in London, Edinburgh, and other large towns, whose offices may be easily discovered.' On consideration, we think that additional facilities should be offered. Many, we fear, will not take the trouble to seek out these offices; nor, from the vast number of visionary schemes afloat, is much confidence placed in prospectuses, advertisements, and newspaper notices. The New Zealand authorities seem to be at their wits' end to procure sufficiency of labour. What they should do is to depute some trustworthy person practically acquainted with the circumstances to bring the



subject, by public lecture, under the notice of localities, with power to make such selections from the labouring population as may seem advisable. In short, *personal*, not merely literary exertion, is necessary. In this, as in some other matters, the obtrusive is the only effective principle. W. C.

## THE BEST OF HUSBANDS.

## CHAPTER III.—THE BROTHERS.

THERE are some natures that never count the cost of anything they can obtain on credit, but think only of the gratification of the moment; but this could not be said with justice of Richard Milbank; he thought only of his own personal gratification, it is true, but he sometimes looked forward to it a week, or even a month, in advance. He had come that afternoon, just as Mr Thorne had foreseen, while yet a chance of prosperity remained to him, to persuade Maggie to become his wife; and, if possible, upon the instant—that is as soon as the law would permit them to marry. Of 'saving common-sense,' he had none, and even his wits (of which he had plenty) were rendered almost wholly useless to him, from his excessive egotism. Having decided upon some line of conduct conducing to his own pleasure, he did not give himself the trouble to place himself in the position of the person through whom the pleasure was to be obtained—an omission that forms the social safeguard of the world, which would else be at the feet of the Selfish. Yet even he perceived that to have put off his proposal until he was actually pronounced a beggar by his uncle's will, would lay him open to some suspicion of selfishness. As it was, the meagre hope of his having been left something by old Matthew Thurle, was the rag with which he covered his shamelessness. He had offered himself to Maggie, whether he should be rich or poor, and what more, said he to himself, could be expected of any man?

He was very fond of Maggie—after his fashion: prouder of her, when she was present, than of any other girl in the world; but in her absence, her image did not by any means so monopolise his heart as to prevent it receiving other impressions. Those who were the most charitable to Richard Milbank's faults, lamented his 'extreme susceptibility'; others called him a dissolute and abandoned fellow. As to his protestations of penitence and resolutions of amendment, it would have been a compliment to call them moonshine; they were not even a genuine reflection of virtue. He adopted them as expressions most likely to please Maggie's ear; just as, had she been of a more frivolous disposition, he would have used the language of flattery or passion. If there was any recognised calling in life in which he would have succeeded, it would have been that of the stage-lover; for, whether the object of his adoration had been a 'singing chambermaid' or a 'serious widow,' he would have played his part equally well. The wits of most sharp people run to making money, and there stagnate, as in a pond of yellow mud; but those of Richard ran to making love. They had also another channel—which the virtuous vaguely call 'gambling transactions': but in this he was not so successful, though equally diligent. This man, however, was not a mere selfish voluptuary. When passion was aroused, he became reckless of all consequences, not only to others, but

himself. Disappointment did not sour him—for vinegar is not made in a moment—but rendered him at once both desperate and dangerous. To conclude this slight sketch of Mr Richard Milbank's character, we must add in fairness, that, in addition to the great attraction of his looks, he was what is termed (by a not very discerning class of critics, however) exceedingly 'good company,' and was the idol of his particular public—which was to be found for the most part within the walls of the *Sans Souci* club, at Hilton, and was confined even there to two apartments, the card-room and the billiard-room. It is thither that he is now walking, with a face more than ordinarily flushed, and a look of triumph in his large blue eyes, which curiously contrasts with the frown above them.

'She is mine,' mutters he to himself, 'though not on my own terms. She will keep her promise now, no matter what happens. Though John may have robbed me of the money that should have been mine, he will miss the prize he has chiefly aimed at—and I shall win it— Well; what is it?' The last words are uttered aloud, in a rough, rude tone, and addressed to one who has stopped him in the street—a man of about his own age, tall and fair, and comely as himself, yet by no means like him in other respects. The unhealthy flush upon Richard's cheek is in this case merely a wholesome colour, slightly heightened, however, by the present rencontre; the flowing beard is absent, and the brown hair does not curl so crisply; it is long, and has the appearance of being thrown back, like the hair of angels carved in stone: the expression of the face, too, if not angelic, is patient, tender, and serious.

'I want to have a few words with you, Richard.'

'If you want to have words with me, I will not balk you,' answered the other scornfully. 'But I shall not pick and choose for *mine*, I warn you.'

'You shall not have the pretence of quarrel, brother, if I can help it. I wish to speak to you for your own good.'

'That is so like Mr Morality!' returned Richard, with a sneering laugh. 'You are always Harry the good boy, and I Tommy the bad. "For my own good," forsooth! It was for my good, I suppose, that you gained my uncle's ear, and poisoned it against me, so that he has cut me off with a shilling! "Being thus without the means of self-indulgence, my dear brother Richard," you say to yourself, "must needs become temperate, and diligent, and sober, and will have cause to bless me for the good I have done him."—Bah, you hypocrite!'

'You do me wrong, brother; but to that I am accustomed'—

'There he goes again!' interrupted Richard: 'it is Tartufe himself: "Pray, spit upon me; I like to be spat upon." Upon my soul, John, I have half a mind to gratify you.' And with an exclamation of disgust and loathing, he spat upon the ground.

'You will not allow me to talk with you, and keep my self-respect, it seems,' continued John Milbank, the colour in his cheek as deep by this time as that his brother wore; 'I will therefore give my warning, and have done with it. You have coloured clothes, I see; let me advise you to put on black ones; and, at all events—unless you wish to learn better ways in the school of

adversity in the manner you just spoke of—do not omit to attend the funeral to-morrow.'

'What, in the Fiend's name, do you mean? Is it possible that you have the assurance to dictate to me as to what I think proper to wear, or to do! Why, one would think you had seen our uncle's will, and, as his heir, were already lordling it over your beggared brother.'

'I have not seen his will; but I know—no matter how—so much of its contents as to say that there is hope for you yet, if you will but pay a decent respect to his memory.'

'What! he'll be there himself, will he, the unnatural old scoundrel, and execute a codicil? I defy him to do that, for, under the circumstances, he must needs set fire to the parchment. If he could have taken his money with him, as somebody says, it would all have melted by this time.'

'Matthew Thurle is passed out of our judgment,' returned John Milbank gravely, 'and I will not hear him slandered. I have cleared my conscience, and given you your warning: whether you take it or not, lies with yourself, Richard.' He was about to move away, when the other laid his hand upon his arm.

'One moment, John; you have forgotten something.'

'Have I so? What is it?'

'You have forgotten to finish off your little speech: after the words "Cleared my conscience, and given you warning," you should have added: "And now I wash my hands of you, Tommy." The hypocrites never conclude anything, you know, without washing their hands.'

For an instant, when his brother had said: 'You have forgotten something,' John Milbank had been in hopes that he was touched by the effort which he had honestly made to avert his worldly ruin; but one look at his mocking face had been sufficient to dissipate this hope, and he had turned upon his heel before the last insulting words had been fully spoken. Richard watched his retiring form with a grim smile.

'That is a man who, avoiding wines and dainty meats—which inflame the flesh—is said to live on porridge, and he might have saved his breath to cool it. Yes, yes, my friend; it is likely enough you should wish to be friends, knowing how you have robbed me. It would be a fine thing, indeed, if you could oust me from the old man's will, and live like a lord at Rosebank, while I am a pauper, and yet keep yourself on good terms with your victim! Better still, good Master John, if you could take wicked Tommy's sweetheart away from him, and marry her yourself—also for his good, no doubt. If it had not been that I had got the whip-hand of him there, I should not have kept my temper so easily. What the deuce did the fellow mean with his "There is hope for you yet?" Does he call the chance of a five pound note to buy a mourning-ring with "hope?" Confound him! What does he mean by telling me to change these clothes, and be at the funeral to-morrow? Why, he means to save his own credit, no doubt. If I should not be there, it would be a protest against my uncle's injustice, and indirectly against himself, for having taken advantage of it. That is as clear as crystal. As it happens, Brother John, I do mean to be at the funeral, though not because of anything that you have said. Ah, if you only knew whose pretty face and cherry lips had persuaded

me, you would not perhaps have been quite so smooth-tongued! If I could only have got her to marry me to-day, and appear among them all to-morrow, with Maggie tucked under my arm! That would be a triumph worth all Uncle Thurle's money, and would have snuffed out Mr John's exultation pretty completely. However, it's almost as good as that already. I'm in luck to-day, and shall go in for a "plunge" on the strength of it.' Then, sticking his hat rakishly on one side, and whistling gaily, he pursued his way to the club.

#### CHAPTER IV.—'THE SANS SOUCI.'

'The Club' at Hilton, as it was designated by its frequenters, and rightly so, since there was no other similar establishment in the town, was a building so large and handsome that it might have dared comparison with many of its metropolitan brethren; but this scale of grandeur had necessitated that its members should be more numerous than select. While, therefore, it numbered amongst them the parliamentary representatives of the borough, and many scions of the county families, and almost all the members, male, of the local aristocracy, it was forced to extend itself beyond these limits, and to admit individuals of inferior rank, and whose qualifications for club society were chiefly comprised in their ability to pay the entrance-money and subscriptions. It had been fondly hoped that the considerable expense of these would have deterred 'the tag-rag and bob-tail'—as the large manufacturers in Hilton were given to designate their less wholesale brethren—from desiring to be admitted to the *Sans Souci*, whereas, this was the very class that was found most ambitious of the honour, and who paid their money with the greatest cheerfulness. On the first starting of the club, a few of them had been admitted, as we have said, from necessity; but these, like 'the small end of the wedge,' had made way for the entrance of their friends *en masse*, and when the more aristocratic members would have closed the flood-gates, they had found the stream of democracy too strong for them; they were outvoted in their own palace, and from thenceforth condemned to confine their exclusiveness to shrugs of the shoulders and liftings of the eyelids. Far be it from us to suggest that 'lower dockyard people,' to use Mr Jingle's definition of social inequality, are necessarily inferior in good behaviour to 'upper dockyard people,' retail folks to wholesale, or the 'poor but honest' class of the community generally to 'swells' of any description. But the interlopers at the *Sans Souci* were of a peculiar and objectionable kind. They were not the lesser order of manufacturers themselves, but their sons and nephews, who aspired to 'sink the shop,' and who endeavoured to shew themselves the equals of their social superiors by out-bidding them in the extravagance of their club dinners, and the amount of their stakes at cards. Old Matthew Thurle, for instance, a much respected man in his way, but in a comparatively small way of business as an employer of labour, would never have dreamed of thrusting himself into the society of the magnets of Hilton; whereas, Richard Milbank, his nephew, having been left by his father with a few hundreds a year of his own, had joined the *Sans Souci* on the very first opportunity, and had spent and lost more money there than most of its frequenters. The

club in its outward aspect was still as respectable as its founders could have desired: the dining-room, indeed, was occasionally occupied by parties of young men who loved champagne, not wisely, but too well, and whose loud laughter would cause some potent and reverend senior, taking his port in dignified solitude, to level at them his double eye-glasses in reprehension or contempt; but the well-stocked library was as silent as the grave, and much less generally tenanted; the strangers' room froze your blood with its cold seclusion; and in the stately drawing-room, save for the falling leaf (of a newspaper), or the dropping of a coal in the fireplace, there was an unbroken hush at all times. It was to these rooms that the original members of the *Sans Souci* for the most part confined themselves. They knew nothing, or affected to know nothing, of the 'goings on' in the card-room and the billiard-room. In the former, afternoon play had been of late established, a thing which, common enough in London, is thought in itself to be an improper proceeding in the provinces, and the stakes were rumoured to be high—very much higher than the rules of the club countenanced, which, indeed, were set at defiance altogether. The committee had been appealed to, it was true, for the correction for this innovation; but *quis custodiet*, &c. who shall commit a committee man? The majority of the executive of the *Sans Souci*, as it was now constituted, were sinners in this respect themselves.

It is up to the card-room, three stories high, and placed, thereby, out of the supervision of venerable seniors, unless possessed of respiratory powers seldom allotted to their epoch of life, that Richard Milbank takes his way. It is an apartment that affects a dim and chastened gloom, that might seem adapted to quite another purpose. The blinds are drawn down over the windows, and the only light from within is that afforded by wax candles fastened into the card-tables, and surmounted by green shades, so as to shield the glare from the eyes of the players. Many of them are already assembled, for Richard, usually a most punctual attendant, has been delayed to-day by his visit to Maggie. A chorus of reproving voices greets his appearance.

'Dick Milbank late for school; you shall have a bad mark,' cries one florid-faced old gentleman, the Falstaff of the card-room, Mr Roberts. He was once a banker in Hilton, but having had some disagreement with his firm, retired from it, and has had for years no other occupation than that in which he is now engaged.

'His bad mark is to come to-morrow.—Is not that so, Dick?' inquired another, looking up for a moment from his cards. This is Lawyer Gresham, whose presence in the *Sans Souci* is not owing to its new blood at all (upon which circumstance he secretly prides himself), but to the influence of a certain borough member, said to be much indebted for his seat for Hilton to this gentleman's electioneering skill. The clever tactics that have stood Mr Gresham in such good social stead during election time, his tact, his knowledge of mankind, his finesse, are fully as useful to him at the whist-table; but even though so successful at that game, he would yet be popular, but for a certain malicious humour which he cannot control.

'Attend to your game, and don't remind a man of his misfortunes, Gresham,' says the ex-banker

rebukenfully. 'Besides, though the show of hands is certainly against our friend, he may come out at the head of the poll, after all.—May you not, Dick? You don't wear your uncle's colours, though, I see, eh?'

Everybody laughs at Falstaff's sally, which is directed against the new-comer's gay clothes.

'I shall put them on to-morrow at the hustings,' answers Richard audaciously.

'Your brother is wearing them already,' continued Mr Roberts: 'he was looking so very sombre in the street to-day, that it struck me he would have no woeful looks left for to-morrow's ceremony, and I had a good mind to recommend him to black his face. However, I am sure I hope, as we all do, that he will not play Jacob to your Esau, and rob you of your birthright.'

'Hear, hear!' answered more than one voice, for Richard, as we have already said, was really popular in his own circle, and besides, he had very bad luck at cards.

'Yes, indeed, let us hope it will all come right,' observed Mr Gresham, 'for we shall all be sorry to lose you, my good fellow.'

This was a barbed shaft, for everybody knew that if Richard Milbank should be disinherited by his uncle he would have no more money to venture.

'Come and cut in here, and win Gresham's money; that's the only way to stop his mouth, Dick,' cried Mr Roberts good-humouredly; 'we are playing "pounds and fives."'

Sovereign points and five pounds on the rubber are heavy stakes for any gentleman in a small way of business, and Richard generally confined himself to the points without the bet, which was euphoniously termed 'flat pounds;' but, as we have seen, he considered himself in luck's way to-day, and had come to the club with the intention of having 'a plunge'—a phrase which describes not only a cold bath, but also a determination to gamble. He therefore touched the whist-table with his hand, in token that he intended to cut in when the rubber should be concluded.

As he did so, 'Dick, a word with you!' whispered a voice in his ear.

The whisperer was one of his most intimate associates, a young man of his own age, very dark and swarthy, and of herculean proportions, by name Dennis Blake. This man had led the same sort of life as Richard himself; had gone a little faster, perhaps, and sunk a little lower in the mud, but of that there were no outward traces in his case. He had a frame and constitution that, for the present, bade defiance to all inroads.

'Look here, Dick: it's against the rules, you know,' observed this gentleman, taking Milbank aside, 'for you to cut in at that table.'

'Rules! What rules?' inquired the other impatiently, as though rules were not very binding in his eyes, at all events, but that any which might interfere with his own pleasure were, *ipso facto*, absurd and powerless.

'Well, it was settled by the committee, last night, old fellow, that if a man had not paid his debts of the previous day, he was not to sit down to play. I don't refer to your debts to me, you know,' added the speaker hastily, perceiving Richard's face to darken till it almost reached the complexion of his own: 'of course I know you're

as straight as a die, but there are other creditors of yours here who might make themselves unpleasant. I thought I would put you on your guard.'

Richard was well aware that this own peculiar friend of his, Dennis Blake—'Denny,' as he sometimes called him, 'for love and euphony'—was speaking two words for himself, and one for the 'other creditors;' yet it would have hardly suited him to say so, since it must needs have provoked an open rupture. Moreover, he wanted to play, and his wish was ever a law to him.

'Oh, thanks,' said he dryly; 'but I think I'll risk it. Whatever happens, I shall settle with everybody to-morrow, you know, yourself included.'

Richard Milbank did really intend to 'settle with everybody,' if he found himself mentioned to any considerable figure in his uncle's will: if not, he would also settle with them, in the sense of never entering the doors of the club again, or having a word to say to them. He had still a few hundreds left—for he was not so foolish as to denude himself of ready-money, if it could possibly be avoided—enough to keep himself for a week or two, and afterwards, when he should have persuaded Maggie to marry him, as he felt confident of doing, to defray the expenses of his honeymoon; and beyond that period, it was not his nature to concern himself.

'Well, if you really are going to pay to-morrow, Dick, honour bright,' hesitated Blake; 'only, the notion *here* is' (and the speaker looked about him with a depreciating air) 'that it is all up with your expectations. You can't wonder at fellows looking sharp after their money: it's every one for himself, you know, in this room.'

'Is it?' replied Richard bitterly. 'It seems to me, Blake, that some of you fellows are just a little greedy. You have had a good deal of my money among you.'

'That may be: but if they have won of you, they have lost to others.'

It was curious to remark how this gentleman would persist in putting 'they' for 'you,' the thing that he perhaps still called his conscience, dead to ordinary questions of right and wrong, had still some vitality in this particular matter, and taxed him with greed and harshness to his friend. It was still more curious to observe how quietly the other took his interference. Neither advice nor warning would Richard Milbank have submitted to for an instant from lips the most reverend and authoritative; and as for menace, he would have resented it with the most passionate audacity. He was savage with Blake, of course, and would have discharged his obligation to him by pushing him over an alpine precipice had a safe opportunity offered, with a great deal of satisfaction; but the uppermost desire in his mind at present was to have his 'plunge;' and the whim of the moment, as usual with him, was stronger than aught else. Without replying to his friend's last rejoinder, he moved towards the table, and as the rubber chanced to be just then brought to a conclusion, he cut in. It is not necessary to follow his fortunes; suffice it to say that, like the majority of presentiments that occur to us (though we only remember those that are fulfilled), his notion that he was in luck that day was not realised with respect to the possession of good cards. He 'put on' the money—as gamblers (most anomalously) do, with the intention of 'pulling it off' again—but it was always pulled off

by his adversaries. In the end, he lost all he had in his pocket, and increased his already considerable debt to Dennis Blake by fifty pounds. This last, it was true, concerned him very little, since, if things went badly for him in the will, he never intended to pay him a shilling. But not daring to play on credit with any one else, he had encroached upon the sum he had designed for the expenses of his honeymoon, which would now have to be curtailed to three weeks at farthest. Even to reckless Richard, the future looked gloomy that evening, as he took his way to the Jew clothier's to furnish himself forth with a suit of 'inconsolables,' as the shopman termed it, against the all-important morrow.

#### AN ORNITHOLOGICAL RAMBLE ON THE LINCOLNSHIRE COAST.

For the genuine and practical ornithologist, there is no season more favourable for his outdoor observations than the month of October. This, perhaps, is more the case on the eastern side of the kingdom, on whose extensive and very diversified seaboard there is, throughout this month, an almost daily arrival of migratory wanderers to be noted—either winter visitants, on our shores, in our fields, hedgerows and woodlands, or mere travellers, tarrying awhile, for shorter or longer periods, before resuming their flight to milder and less variable climes. The day we had chosen for our purpose (October 21st) was in one respect anything but a fortunate one. As in early morning we drive towards the coast, along the straight and ugly marsh road, fenced in with its parallel lines of dark and sluggish drain, appearances are the reverse of cheerful. To right and left stretches the interminable flat, scarce relieved from utter dreariness by solitary farmsteads, standing at wide 'intervals' apart, each with its attendant line of gigantic ricks—such corn-ricks as we never see out of Lincolnshire or fertile Holderness—looming in the gray morning like the hulls of a stranded Armada; beyond these, the church towers of marsh villages, with their surroundings of trees and houses, grouped closely together, and apparently covering but little space in the great plain—mere oases in this marsh desert.

For leagues no other trees did mark  
The level waste, the rounding gray.

Over all, a sky of rolling rain-cloud, broken along the eastern and sea horizon by an angry streak of sunrise, crimson and flaming—

A fiery dawning wild with wind.

The wind is cold and cutting—damp and raw with the coming rain—north-west at present, but backing slowly to southward, and then to south-east—a most certain sign of a wet day.

The shivering cattle gather in groups at the corners of the big pastures, with their backs turned to the drifting storm; and under the drain-bank, a pair of black two-year-old cart colts, their long sweeping tails pressed closely to their thighs, are endeavouring to gain shelter to leeward of an old gnarled hawthorn: vain attempt, for the wind drives the rain through the bush, thick as it is, scattering the red and yellow leaves, yet making the clusters of bright haws to shine and glisten like bunches of coral.

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As to birds, as yet, we have seen scarcely any, except the hoodie, Denmark crow, or gray crow, for the rogue boasts many an *alias*—a very recent arrival, coming from the second week to the end of October—a bird wary and precise in his movements, rarely extending his travels very far inland, but giving preference to the marshy districts of the east coast, and the muddy fore-shores of our great tidal rivers. With a *yhit, yhit, yhit*, the little brown pipits, birds of the muirland, the mountain, and the marsh, flit before us along the side of the big drains; we notice one much darker than the rest, which we believe is a closely allied species, the shore pipit. The lark tries to soar and sing, but has no heart to lose himself in the clouds on such a morning, and there is no rising sun to greet, so he rapidly descends to join his mates amid the yellow stubble. At this season, immense flocks of larks appear on the east coast, coming from the continent. We have occasionally seen the salt marshes, after a wild night, literally swarming with them.

Above, in the gray mist and rain, we hear the chatter of a flock of fieldfares, passing from the coast, to the woods and hedgerows of the inclosed and well timbered district skirting the wold hills; these birds have probably arrived during the night, and are now moving inland. Were it not for their familiar cry, we might easily have mistaken them for a flight of missel thrushes.

At last, the long, straight, and wearisome road comes to an end, and we pull up against a huge lock-pit, the main outfall for the marsh district, where the great system of drainage enters the sea: hard by this is a lonely little tavern, the last house on the coast. On such a morning it has a most desolate and dreary aspect. Nor are appearances improved as we gaze inside at the one cheerless, brick-paved, fireless room, the floor a foot or more below the level of the surrounding marsh, with the walls to half their height green and mouldy with exuding damp. There is a vault-like smell of decayed wood about the place. Adjoining are some tumble-down, ramshackle outbuildings and stables. The whole place has such a comfortless, forsaken look, that we are not sorry to turn our face seaward, notwithstanding the rain is coming down in a steady persistent manner, which leaves no doubt of its long continuance.

Beyond the lock-pit, skirting each side of the big drain, and then bending suddenly both to the right and left, is a long lone grassy mound, which looks not unlike the face of a battery, were it not that it extends as far as we can see in each direction. This is the sea-dike or embankment, without whose protection vain would be the efforts of man to cultivate the rich loam, or graze those lovely green pastures we have for the last half-hour been driving across.

Beyond the embankment, but at a great distance, so extensive is the coast, we can just distinguish the masts of more than one hopelessly stranded vessel. In the outfall on our left are lying, half-buried in the ooze, for the tide is out, two keels, for so the vessels are called, which monopolise a considerable portion of the coasting-trade of the Humber.

A dark-looking bird, a little larger than a snipe, rises with a loud whistle from a sedge-fringed pool in an adjoining field. It is the green sand-piper, a

beautiful, harmless, and highly ornamental bird; but, from its strong aromatic flavour, totally unfitted for the table. It hatches its young in the north of Europe, and the eggs have never, we believe, been found in this country; although we have strong reasons for thinking a pair or two occasionally do remain with us. Indeed, the nidification of the green sandpiper was, till late years, a mystery; it is now known that it deposits its four eggs in old deserted nests of other birds, in trees, and at a considerable altitude, and some distance from the nearest water. How the young are conveyed to the ground by the parent birds, is yet an ornithological puzzle. Perhaps, as with the woodcock, which has been seen to carry its young down at evening from the woods to their feeding-grounds, the young one snugly tucked under the thighs of the parent bird.

A heron rises slowly from the next drain, thrusts back his head, stretching downwards at the same time his rudder-like legs, and goes sailing away to windward, with regular beats or pulsations of his rounded concave wings. How slowly and sedately he seems to fly, and yet the Duke of Argyll tells us, in *The Reign of Law*, that these apparently slowly moving pinions seldom make less than from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and fifty downward strokes in a minute.

But here are the 'fitties,' hundreds of acres in extent, running out beyond the embankment till they join the mud and sand of the level coast. They bear a striking contrast to the rich and fertile district we have just left: these have, however, one thing in common, a thick covering of green herbage; but the green of the 'fitties' is not the emerald green of rich feeding-grasses, but the green of such plants as love the salt waves and salt sea-breezes.

The uniformity of this otherwise level tract is everywhere broken by many a winding creek and water-course, passable only at low tide: pools of salt water, like miniature lakelets, and reflecting the dull sky, everywhere dot the surface—the chosen feeding-grounds of many a wader; even as we step across the embankment, a redshank springs, and with a wild and querulous wail, arousing many a comrade feeding unseen in the muddy hollows, flies off seaward. But where is the sea? for at present it is not visible, although far off in the misty distance we hear its 'melancholy long-withdrawing roar.' Beyond the 'fitties,' a waste of sand stretches, for it is dead low-water, to an immense distance; and along the horizon, under that white haze, which clings pall-like to the damp earth, is the gray sea, moaning and chafing on the yellow beach.

#### A coast

Of ever-shifting sand, and far away  
The phantom circle of a moaning sea.

Black, gaunt, and weird-like, the ribs of a wrecked vessel, with a sad tale of sorrow clinging to it, stand out like blasted stumps against the gray horizon; and the far-away call of the curlew comes to us plaintive and shrill as the wail of drowning men.

Immense flocks of knots, dunlins, and ringed plover, many hundreds together, are flying along the shore, now careering high aloft, and then instantaneously, as if by a preconcerted signal or word of command, shooting downwards, almost

brushing the sand in their headlong career; instantly flashing from brown to white, or white to brown, as they exhibit the lighter or darker shades of their plumage; looking, as they have most aptly been compared, like showers of newly coined shillings.

Two birds rise quickly from a creek, in the muddy ooze of which they have been feeding; one falls to our shot, a gray plover; the upper plumage speckled with golden drops, such as we see in the familiar golden plover of our marshes; and in this garb, which is peculiar to the young of the year only, by the careless observer, might easily be mistaken for the latter bird. The gray plover may, however, readily be distinguished, at all ages, from its golden congener, by having the axillary plume, as the tuft of feathers under the wing is named, at the junction of that member with the body, black; in the golden plover it is always white, or in young birds slightly marked with gray. The rump and upper tail coverts also in the gray plover are white, and a very conspicuous mark in flight; in the other, they are of the same colour as the back. The hind toe also is absent in the golden plover, but present in the gray. It is a curious fact, that the young of allied species frequently more closely resemble each other than do the adults. We shall see many gray plovers during our walk, as it is an abundant species on this coast; on the wing, we can always pick them out from any other waders, as we catch momentary glances between the beats of the wing of the inky black patch.

Our shot has aroused the vigilant redshanks; they are on the wing in parties of five to ten in various directions, their shrill warning cries keeping every other bird within hearing on the alert, and for the time we find it impossible to obtain another chance. Away in the direction of the old wreck we had seen a cluster of dark spots grouped together on a slight elevation on the sands: our small but powerful binocular shews they are some birds not unlike ducks, but we are yet too far off to be able to recognise them. By long manœuvring, partly assisted by a hollow in the sands, partly by masking our approach with the timbers of the wreck, we succeed in reaching a position within less than three hundred yards of our object; but it is no use: they have already got a notion that something is wrong, and all run together in a clump, sticking out their heads and necks in a most gooselike manner; by this, and their gait, at once betraying their genus—they are geese, small and dark-looking. As they get on the wing, we level, not our gun, but the binocular, and at once make them out—they are Brent geese, and the first we have seen this autumn. The weather may not be all that is quite agreeable. But what sportsman or naturalist minds weather? How the wind and rain come down—blowing, surging; we are already most uncomfortably wet about the legs and knees, partly by wading through so many creeks, partly from the drip from our waterproof. For the next half-hour we stand to leeward of the raking stern-post of the wrecked schooner. She lies half-buried in the shifting sand, which has formed quite a bank around; the black sea-soaked ribs, draped with pink fuci and bladder-wrack, having the scent of the salt sea upon them.

The last half hour, although we have been stationary, has not altogether been barren of

observation. Where the blue drift-clay crops up, we can make out with our glass numerous black-and-white birds, rather larger than woodcocks, having orange bills and legs. They are running briskly to and fro over the hard mud, foraging for various shell-fish; the fishermen call them 'seapies' or 'sea-woodcocks.' Their true name is the oyster-catcher, once nesting in considerable numbers on this coast; but of late years they have forsaken the district during the breeding-time, in consequence of the great destruction and plundering of their eggs.

Many gulls have gone lazily past in the direction of the Hail Sand. We have identified five of the common species on this coast—namely, the greater and lesser black-backed, the herring, the common, and the brown-headed gulls. Flocks, too, we have seen, of dunlin and ringed dotterel; and amongst the former, a few birds resembling dunlin, and rather longer and with sharper wings. They are curlew sandpipers, and rather rare waders on these shores. Many knots have also gone by, and we have shot half-a-dozen specimens, all young birds of the year, with the under parts tinted a lightish buff colour. These knots are to us always a source of wonder. They appear in the autumn in immense flocks on the sea-coasts of Great Britain and other countries, travelling as far south as the Mediterranean. In the spring, they return northward to their breeding-stations; and we have seen them late in May on the Humber mud-flats in their beautiful nuptial dress, having the under parts a rich ruddy chestnut. In this plumage they are totally unlike the familiar gray bird seen hanging in clusters during the late autumn or early winter months almost in any game-shop in our coast towns. This ruddy summer plumage is peculiar to several of our wading birds; it is assumed by both the bar-tailed and black-tailed godwits, by the sanderling, the curlew sandpiper, and the two phalaropes.

Within less than twenty yards of us, on the other side of the wreck, we can watch our feathered friends, by peeping through the black timbers; a pair of bar-tailed godwits are busily looking for their dinner in a salt pool; they keep probing the wet sand with their long, slightly recurved bills, occasionally extracting some species of annelid, which, before swallowing, is carefully washed by shaking it under the water; they are evidently a pair of old birds; the larger of the two, the female, still retaining traces of the ruddy summer dress.

Not the least interesting of our visitors is a little family party of sanderlings, which pitch close by, and commence immediately to run to and fro very rapidly over the hard-ribbed sand. Now one, now another, stays to pick up some small substance, and then commences running as rapidly as ever. We readily distinguish them from dunlin by the lighter gray of the upper parts, their snowy-white breasts, and short bills; and a nearer acquaintance would shew that they have no hind toe, as the dunlin has. We walk towards them, and they do not rise, but run on rapidly before us. We walk our best, yet still the little birds, seemingly without any effort, easily keep ahead; at last we break into a run, when the flock rise, and dash round, settling again a few hundred yards to the rear.

The more we think of the migratory flights of those small creatures, the more are we impressed

with the goodness and watchfulness of God over His glorious creation.

There's a path in the air, man may not know,  
That guides them o'er the main;  
And a voice in the winds, man may not hear,  
Will call them home again.

For many hours flying against a strong south-west wind and a driving rain, small parties of hooded crows have been passing in; flying just above the sea, they came heavily and wearily, and never swerved a yard to avoid us. We might have dropped many had they been worth the cost of a cartridge.

And now for home again. What a dreary walk it was; not along the shore, for the tide had cut us off; but, as the crow flies, straight for the inn, four miles away across the bleak rain-swept plain. Sometimes we jump the marsh-drains in our course; at others, which are too big, we have to make long detours. The wind has backed into the east, and the rain was coming down in torrents, and before we reach the not-to-be-despised shelter, we had experienced the full force of Kingsley's lines:

Dreary east winds howling o'er us;  
Clay lands knee-deep spread before us:  
Mire and ice, and snow and sleet,  
Aching backs and frozen feet.

And so ended a very wet, but very pleasant ramble.

### ODDS AND ENDS:

FROM DR ROBERT CHAMBERS'S SCRAP-BOOK.

**BORES.**—London swarms with bores—men, and women too, possessed of one idea, to which they devote their whole mind, or such part of it as business allows them to spare. Sometimes the ideas get no further than matter of talk, with which people are at all opportunities bored; but more frequently they assume shape in pamphlets, copies of which are pressed on all with whom they get acquainted. I know one of these geniuses, who carries a stock of pamphlets in a leather reticule, suspended by a belt round his neck, ready for distribution wherever he happens to go. A public meeting which has just broken up, and is in course of dispersal, gives him a splendid opportunity of emptying his wallet. The prevalent ideas of these bores have in some cases a hue of plausibility, but as often they are visionary crotchets. Mr M—, artist, has a scheme for economising the sewage of London, which has gone through several transformations, and proposes to save the Thames from impurity, and redeem some millions a year at least. Mr P—, another artist, has a new idea about perspective. Speak on any other subject, and you find him a rational man; but mention perspective, and you are in for a two hours' lecture. He would represent the pillars of a colonnade bent outwards at the middle, as necessary for rigid truth. It is of no use to tell him that the eye would be offended by it. 'Your eyes must be educated to see it in the right way.' He once gave a lecture, which went on very well till he broached this idea, and then the audience set off in a fit of merriment, from which

he could not recover them. Mrs A— is possessed with magnificent ideas about Australia. It takes an hour to get a mere outline of her plans. Captain M— is all for convict management by the mark system; and to hear him, you would think that if he were to get his idea carried out, crime would soon be banished from the earth. Captain M— [a different man from the foregoing] has a great geographical scheme. Maps are to be made and books written giving the name of every place in the world, even sand-banks at sea, estimated to be three hundred thousand in number; the maps to be managed by having figures of reference instead of names, which, he justly remarks, sometimes extend over twenty degrees of longitude. Captain K— is full of new modes of land-tenure in Ireland. Bring these modes into operation, and everything is to go on beautifully. Mr C— is all for sanitary regulations, and can give exact estimates as to what, in certain circumstances of aerial purification, would be the annual saving of soap to the metropolis. T—, denunciatory of horse-racing. B—, crazy about temperance. Never loses a chance of pressing upon you the value of cold water. Takes two tumblers regularly before breakfast. [Since the above was written, in 1845, what immense additions to the realms of Boredom by 'Spiritualism,' 'Evolution,' 'Women's Rights,' 'Permissive Bills,' and other speculative topics!]

**A FORTUNE MADE BY A WAISTCOAT.**—Some people have a fancy for fine waistcoats. This taste was more common in my young days than it is now. Stirring public events were apt to be celebrated by patterns on waistcoats to meet the popular fancy. I remember that the capture of Mauritius, at the close of 1810, was followed by the fashion of wearing waistcoats speckled over with small figures shaped like that island, and called Isle of France waistcoats. It was a galling thing for the French prisoners of war on parole to be confronted with these demonstrations. At court, highly ornamented waistcoats have been the fashion for generations. George, Prince of Wales, while Regent, was noted for his affection for this rich variety of waistcoats, and thereby hangs a tale. His Royal Highness had an immense desire for a waistcoat of a particular kind, for which he could discover only a piece of stuff insufficient in dimensions. It was a French material, and could not be matched in England. The war was raging, and to procure the requisite quantity of stuff from Paris was declared to be impracticable. At this juncture one of the Prince's attendants interposed. He said he knew a Frenchman, M. Bazalgette, carrying on business in one of the obscure streets of London, who, he was certain, would undertake to proceed to Paris and bring away what was wanted. This obliging tailor was forthwith commissioned to do his best to procure the requisite material. Finding that a chance had occurred for distinguishing himself and laying the foundation of his fortune, the Frenchman resolved to make the attempt. It was a hazardous affair, for there was no regular communication with the coast of France, unless for letters under a cartel. Yet, Bazalgette was not daunted. If he could only land safely in a boat, all would be right. This, with some difficulty and manœuvring, he effected. As a pretended refugee back to his own country, he was allowed to land

and proceed to Paris. Joyfully he was able to procure the quantity of material required for the Prince Regent's waistcoat; and not less joyfully did he manage to return to London with the precious piece of stuff wrapped round his person. The waistcoat was made, and so was the tailor's fortune and that of his family.

**FATE OF MODEST MEN.**—The world generally takes men at their own apparent estimate of themselves. Hence, modest men never attain the same consideration which bustling, forward men do. It has not time or patience to inquire rigidly, and it is partly imposed upon and carried away by the man who vigorously claims its regards. The world, also, never has two leading ideas about any man. There is always a remarkable unity in its conceptions of the characters of individuals. If an historical person has been cruel in a single degree, he is set down as cruel and nothing else, although he may have had many good qualities, all not equally conspicuous. If a literary man is industrious in a remarkable degree, the world speaks of him as only industrious, though he may be also very ingenious.

#### FATE OF A PROHIBITORY LAW.

THE success of laws in the United States to prohibit the sale of spirituous liquors has frequently been questioned. Some allege that the laws have worked so well as to offer an example for copying in this country; others as strenuously affirm that they have been altogether a failure. Our own recollections of what we saw in several quarters in the northern states rather tend in this latter direction. Shebeening, or illicit dealing in liquors, seemed far from uncommon; so that the law only drove dram-drinking from public to private resorts. Any controversy on the subject may now be said to be settled by what is reported by an American correspondent in the *Times*, January 15, 1874. He specially refers to the Massachusetts Prohibitory Law. He states that Mr Martin Griffin, one of the State Police Commission, has resigned office from a conscientious conviction that the law is abortive, cannot be properly put in execution, and, 'as it stands on the statute-books, is detrimental to the cause of temperance, and that it leads to corruption and inefficiency. A great portion of the time of the commission, he adds, is spent in the investigation of charges of malfeasance against the constables whose duty it is to enforce the law, and he believes firmly that a good license law is the best means of arriving at the result desired by temperance people. In practice the sale of spirituous liquors is almost unrestrained, while the business of the brewers chiefly suffers from the enforcement of the law. Malt liquors being in bulky packages and incapable of clandestine transportation and concealment, are easily seized, while the others are allowed comparatively free movement and sale; and being the ones chiefly obtainable, this accounts for the surprising amount of drunkenness visible in Boston and the other large towns. In defence of the law, General Bates, the chairman of the Police Commission, has written a letter, in which he vigorously argues in favour of the Board, and says they are unable to cope with the violators of the law, because they have not power enough. The leading journal of New England, the *Boston Advertiser*, in discussing this

question, says that the prohibitory law and the agencies appointed for its enforcement have in the cities wholly failed in their work; and that, after nearly twenty years' experience of a prohibitory law, and seven or eight years' trial of a state police specially appointed to enforce it, there are at this time in Boston three thousand places where liquors are illegally sold. There are sixteen constables in the city to close these places; and what, it asks, can sixteen men do with such an army of offenders, each one of whom has his own *clientèle* ready to sustain him and set him up in business if any accident befall him? The public and open violation of the law increases every year, and the constables cannot enforce it impartially and justly if they would. If their force were increased tenfold, they still would be unable to enforce it, for the difficulties are quite beyond their control. The *Boston Advertiser* says the law is an anomaly; that the sentiment of the community does not support it; that its daily and hourly violation has taken from it every atom of living force; and that while no complaint or appeal from those who have suffered by this uncontrolled traffic can overstate its injuries and need of restraint, there ought to be provided laws which have some basis in reason and in the sympathies of the communities where they are to be enforced. There is to be a strong effort made at the approaching session of the Massachusetts legislature to procure a change in the prohibitory system.' The foregoing statements are worth the consideration of those who contend for instituting arrangements contrary to public feeling, or which cannot well be enforced by ordinary agencies.

#### LOVE.

Love is not made of kisses, or of sighs,  
Of clinging hands, or of the sorceries  
And subtle witchcrafts of alluring eyes.

Love is not made of broken whispers; no!  
Nor of the blushing cheek, whose answering glow  
Tells that the ear has heard the accents low.

Love is not made of tears, nor yet of smiles;  
Of quivering lips, or of enticing wiles:  
Love is not tempted; he himself beguiles.

This is Love's language, but this is not Love.

If we know aught of Love, how shall we dare  
To say that this is Love, when well aware  
That these are common things, and Love is rare?

As separate streams may, blending, ever roll  
In course united, so, of soul to soul,  
Love is the union into one sweet whole.

As molten metals mingle; as a chord  
Swells sweet in harmony; when Love is lord,  
Two hearts are one, as letters form a word.

One heart, one mind, one soul, and one desire,  
A kindred fancy, and a sister fire  
Of thought and passion; these can Love inspire.

This makes a heaven of earth; for this is Love.

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